

An Epitaphe declaring the lyfe and end

of D. Edmund Boner &c.

In now the lingering hope is past,
that late the Papistes had:
Their bragging brests which boild in hate,
their hartes with care haue clad.

They looked long for wished tyme,
of Antichristes returne:
When they in wonted wise might spoyle,
and heapes of Martyrs burne.

But for the prouidence of God,
their malice to all wage:
He hath bereft these Papistes proude,
the pillar of their rage.

Their whip, their sword, their fire brand,
of wrath their chiefeft stay:
The spoiler of the Christian flocke,
of whom he made a praye.

For bloody burning Boner now,
hath made exchange of lyfe:
That whilesome was the murtherer,
of infant, man, and wife.

Yet sometye he a fauourer,
and did professe the troth:
Despyng Pope and Popishnes,
fine tymes with solemne oth:

And letted not for to accuse,
and note of haynous crime:
Such as were slacke to do the lyke,
during Lord Cromwells tyme.

A learned Epistle eke he wrote,
in prayse and in defence:
Of Bishop Gardiners worke the booke,
of true obedience.

Wherin he doth accuse the Pope,
his Church and Romish rable:
Of haynous crimes right horrible,
and deedes detestable.

As tyranny, vsurpyng state,
reprochefull vnto God:
Of England eke a very spoyle,
to Christ his flocke a rod.

He names the Pops a greedy wolfe,
he ioyes in his decay:
Hopping the truth long troden downe,
at length should heare the way.

He prayseth much the noble Prince,
and calles K. Henry vertuous:
That in suppressing Popish power,
he is so studious.

Wherby most playnly may appeare,
how Boner had a taste:
Of Christ and of his Gospel pure,
tho he them scorned at last.

In Denmarke eke Ambassadour,
he published with spede:
The booke and Epistle named before,
as worthy workes in dede.

Then sent Ambassadors to Fraunce,
from Henry puissant King:
He furthered with free consent,
the English Bibles printing.

And caused diners of the same,
it seemed of godly zeale:
For to be plaist within Paules Church,
Christes truth for to reueale.

He caused fine hundred Testaments,
he printed, this I know:
And those as precious iewels did,
vpon his frendes bestow.

But as a waivering weather cocke,
Lord Cromwell being dead:
Forsaking Christ and all his lawes,
to papistry he fled.

And of a Paule became a Saule,
a Herode thirsting blood:
As on young Mekins well was sene,
his cruell killing mode.

For when one quest had cleared the boy,
and iudgd him guiltles quite:
He could another Quest be cald,
and him condemn by might.

Thus dyane he forth King Henries dayes,
but when his noble sonne:
In fathers place to regall throne,
by due descent was come.

Then cald to count for his offence,
as iustice thought it fit:
In humble wise before the Lordes,
himselfe he did submit.

But afterward most stubbornly,
with great contempt and scoyne:
He did deny his former facte,
as one, ere then forsworne.

For which offence in prison cast,
where he with wealth was fedde:
Without regard of God or prince,
a peruerse lyfe he ledde.

But when in brothers sacred seate,
God would Quene Mary place:
This wilfull man from prison cald,
by her especiall grace,

Abusing much the lenitie,
and mercy of the Quene:
Such bloody broyles began to bryne,
as earlt was neuer sene.

And lyke a roaring Lion he,
of Plutoes popsoned band:
Made hanoocke of the saintes of God,
his Christ he did withstand.

He trode his gospel vnder fote,
as much as in him lay:
With toymoule great, and torments huge,
the Church he did assray.

And pittie none would he allow,
no mercy might him moue:
His broyling brest enflamed so,
with popish fathers loue.

With coales and candle light also,
of some the handes he bent:
Of some the haire, from of their face,
with cruell clawes he rent.

Some men he beate vpon the face,
but some, most like a beast:
He scourgd with whips & rods (O wretch)
that dede, all men detest.

And breathing forth his tyranny,
consumde with fire and flame:
The olde, the yong, the riche, the poore,
the halt, the blinde, and lame.

What should I say, my hart it rues,
the peoples teares recorde:
The wayled woes for saintes so slayne,
which is to be abhorde.

But all this might not moue his mynde,
for witte gaue place to will:
Both grace and reason fled him fro,
his hart was hardened still.

But when God of his prouidence,
our famous Quene did sende:
To stay the rage of tyranny,
and wastfull weakes to end.

The mercy of Elizabeth,
tho it doth farre exceede:
Could not reclaim his curies hart,
which errors still did feed.

But that he bide vnreuerently,
with scoffes in mocking wise:
Her graces high Commissioners,
both worthy, graue, and wise.

So when the people prayd for him,
reprochefull wordes he gaue:
Spott vile, not christianlike, as one
that had a soule to saue.

The second tyme to prison brought,
where he his lyfe did leane:
Where learned men perswaded him,
vnto the truth to cleane.

And sie the fancies of the sonde,
wherewith he was abuse:
Unwilling still to heare them speake,
god Councell he refude.

So that vntill his dying houre,
he shewed no perfect signe:
Of a repentaunt hart or mynde,
that would from sinne decline.

But as he liude a lothed lyfe,
vncoustant, vile, and bayne:
Forsaking faith and natures kynde,
which God hath in dispayne.

His glozy aye the peoples grieve,
the poore mans payne his pride:
(A wofull flocke where such a wolfe,
appointed was for guide)

Euene so his ende was dolefull to,
wherin did well appeare:
On him the iudgement iust of God,
right wonderfull to heare.

For dead his face as blacke as coale,
and monstrous withall:
His grisly looke so terrible,
as might a man appall.

Was to the god a very glasse,
wherin they all may learne:
To shunne, the way that Boner went,
and better path deserue.

Yet tho in lyfe he would not graunt,
Christes mercy for to craue:
He wold his wretched Corps with pompe,
brought should be to the graue.

Vnto the Church whereas sometye,
a prelate plaist was he:
Euene there his solemne obsequies,
and funerals to be.

But sith it was so farre vnmate,
a place for him moze fit:
Within the Churchyard of S. George,
he hath a homely pitt.

And sith he loued not the light,
but did the same despise:
At midnight was he buryed there,
from betwe of peoples eyes.

Wherfore ye Papistes all beware,
for sake this Romish hope:
And feare the Iudgements of the Lord,
which will you els denoure.

Recant ye all your heresies,
and leane your peruerse way:
Wherin you walkt so stubbornly,
so long and many a day.

Loue God, obey your soueraine,
and pray for her estate:
Renounce ye all your pammuntie,
least ye repent to late.

Epitaph. T. Bro. the younger.

Imprinted at London, by Iohn
Doy, dwelling ouer Aldersgate.

Cum gratia & Privilegio Regis Maiestatis.